

Sketch

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Fever

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Fever

By Jason Koepp

There is a moment
when you come to lay beside me.
My heavy eyes make out a white dress
in the darkness, how it trails behind you, a comet.

There is a moment when nothing moves
but the wind across pliant limbs.
Nothing moves but blood in the hollow of my chest.

There is a moment
when even the wind quiets. Your lips
seek the heat of my forehead,
cool stars in the darkness.

Gone

By Jason Koepp

He says he'll sell it all.
Tools, guns, plates, furniture,
the further thrown these bits of home
the lighter load he'll have to carry.

He'll leave behind the walls
he holed up for shelves, pictures, clocks.
He'll leave the holes unfilled
and find a home again.

His heart is the hammer through drywall,
a ten-penny nail driven home.
This is the blood he drips,
a sawdust film wherever he walks.

He's old, he says.
He needs his tools no more
than he needs some damn suit
with a diploma to sign a severance check.